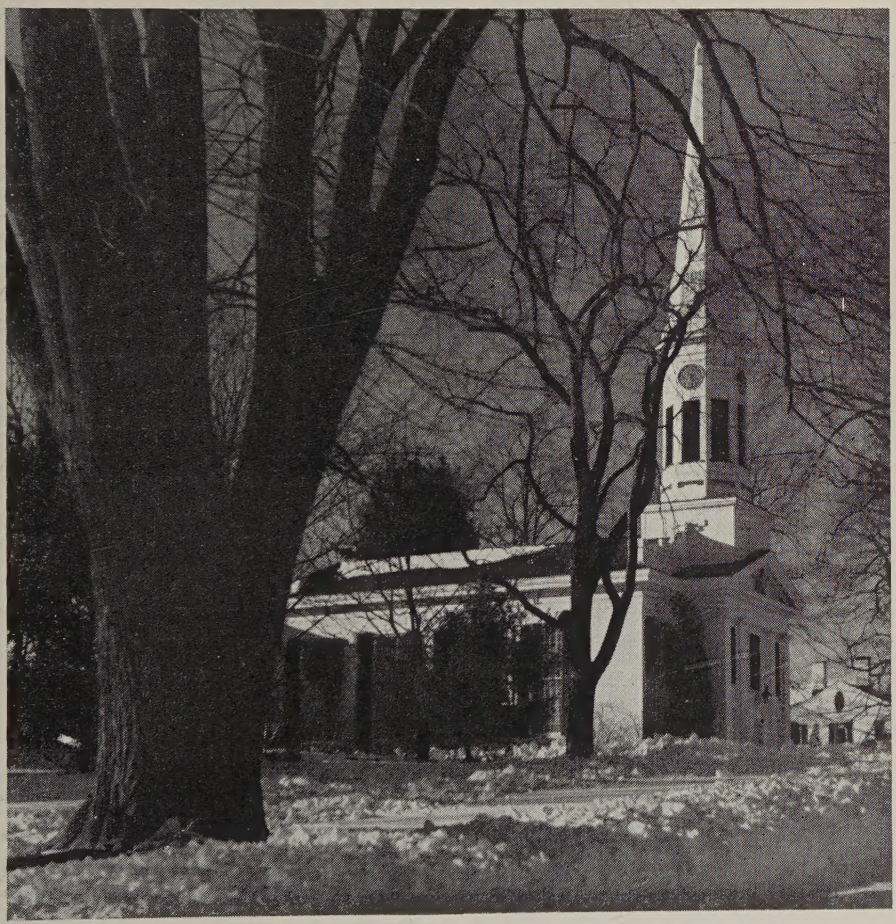
The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXII DECEMBER, 1955 Number 9

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

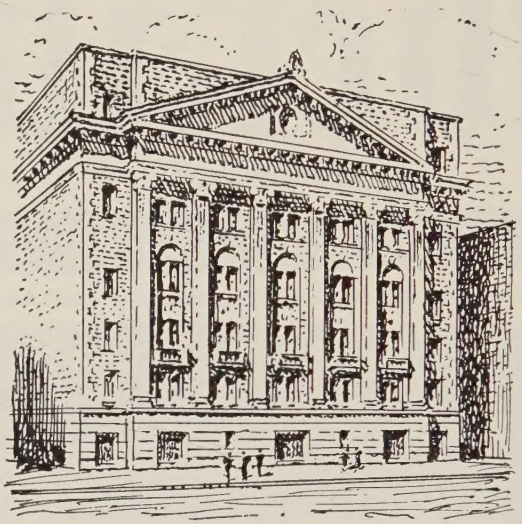


Yule Time Is Worship Time

Lord, underneath the great blue sky,
My heart shall paean sing,
Thy gold and myrrh of meekest love
Mine only offering.

Bliss of thy birth shall quicken me;
And for thy pain and dole
Tears are but vain, so I will keep
The silence of the soul.

(From "Hora Christi" by Alice Brown in "The Treasury of American Song")



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

MANY years ago I used to think that by the time I reached my present age I could begin to take it a little easier. In those days a 67-year-old man was considered quite old and people talked about 60 and 65 as being the years of retirement. There were times in those far off years when I felt that if I would be spared until 60 or 65 it would be possible for me, too, to give up many of the burdens and responsibilities of a busy pastor's life; but as I grow older the work increases rather than diminishes. The responsibilities develop, the opportunities become greater and all are undergirded with the fact that one's life is growing shorter with every passing day.

I have felt for many years that as long as one has the health and the ability to meet the demands of one's work, retirement should not be considered. I look with disfavor upon the tendency of so many in industry to retire old, well-tried employes merely because they have reached a certain age. Compulsory retirement to me is abhorrent and I think despicable. I think I am familiar with most of the arguments in its favor, but I do not know one argument which is conclusive. I have seen too many times during my long pastorate the effect upon people who have been released from work and responsibilities solely because they have reached a certain age.

Idleness is one of the most dangerous of all the occupations. I know there are preferential idlers, men and women who can retire to a life of travel or, as the phrase expresses it, "migrating with the birds." I can think of no more unhappy existence than having enough money to do anything I wanted to do, to go anywhere I wanted to go, or to buy anything I wanted to buy. There is no greater fallacy than that money and time bring happiness. Usually it is quite the contrary. I know but few people who have retired or have been retired, in good health, who are able to enjoy their leisure.

One of the most important problems we are facing and which will become increasingly important, is this problem of leisure. People are living longer than ever before in the history of civilization. The life-span is rapidly lengthening. Technological development is increasing the facility of production in every field. I read only a few days ago where some economist had made the remark that it will not be very many years before man will be required to work only three 8-hour days a week in order to provide all of his necessities and luxuries. A 24-hour week is imminent.

A nation's character, like a person's, is shaped by what it does with its leisure. This situation of the shorter working period will require a complete overhauling of our educational system, our cultural status, and will be a direct challenge to religion. There will be the ever-growing problem of old age. There are more old people in our country today than ever in our history and the dependent old person will increase in numbers tremendously.

It is a short-sighted individual who, in the midst of our present prosperity doesn't envisage the challenge of the future. There are millions of us who apparently have given little consideration to the effect of our technological advance upon our culture and society. There are many danger signs on the horizon which indicate our economy

will be strained in the not distant future and we will be hearing once more from unrealistic voices that our difficulty is not overproduction but under-consumption, which I think is about the most absurd, as it is fallacious, explanation of the economic trouble.

When you can buy an article costing $2,000 and more, with no money down, we are nearer than we think to serious economic trouble. I know it is unpopular to question the modern methods of much of our financiering, but the record of the past eras of our economy is too evident, not to be given great consideration, even when we are at the height of prosperity.

The basic valuation for true wealth is present in our country and has not been disturbed nor will it be. It is only when selfishness and greed and ridiculous financial methods are introduced that we get into trouble. As the old year fades and we cross the threshold of a new year, we will hear more and more about all of these problems.

A year in which the national political conventions are to be held and a President is to be elected is always a year of the GREAT ARGUMENT! The American people will be bombarded as never before with words, words, words. It will be the greatest talkathon in our history. It is a part of our American technique and is good, but it is to be hoped that people will not be swayed by slogans and headlines, but will think of themselves, weigh carefully all sides of the issues, so that when the opportunity comes for their decision at the ballot box, that decision will represent the very best understanding of which the individual is capable.

As for me I shall not be influenced by any candidate who does not convince me that he has a philosophical and fundamental understanding of the economic and political problems of our time. Above all, he must be convincing in his approach that he has a conception of historical processes. This is no time for ignorance, illiteracy, prejudice and intolerance to be exploited on the American people. I am convinced the American people will no longer be susceptible nor will they respond to many of the mass efforts to stampede the public which have been used so effectively in the past. By the time the election is held in November, I am convinced that conditions both at home and abroad will be such that the American people will approach the responsibility of the ballot with solemnity and seriousness.

These words are being written just a year before the day of the national election. It will be interesting for me, as I hope it will be for you, when that time comes, to go back and re-read what has just been written. I have no fear for the stability and permanency of this country, but I can envisage mistakes being made which will interfere and delay the higher processes of civilization and culture. I am convinced the time element is involved and, because it is, we must not make unnecessary mistakes or repeat previous failures.

The last word will belong to freedom and truth, but it is the better part never to delay or postpone the full expression of either one.

* * *

Since the opening of our church in September I have been busier than I have ever been during the years. But for one who loves his work that is a welcome experience. I am frequently asked as I go about the country how I do it all, and the answer is very simple. I try to maintain by practice, thought and rest a feeling of health and robustness. That is essential. But what is equally as important, I try to

do each task while I am doing it to the very best of my ability and then, when it is accomplished, never let it tyrannize over me. I never allow regret that it was not done better or exultation that it was done so well to rule over me. Each completed task is a finished event. I refuse to permit it to dominate over the next task. I perform the immediate thing as best I can, and whether I fail or succeed, when I have done my best, it no longer disturbs me. And I never let the future tyrannize over me or my work.

One of the many valuable ancient sayings of the Chinese philosophers is "Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday." Just read that sentence over again. It explains an attitude which, if embraced, would help many people to find life less complicated and difficult. I receive every morning from my secretary a card upon which is written the tasks of that day; the appointments and the details necessary for me to meet each moment of the day. I do each allotted task and I never worry about tomorrow until I face its challenge or it arrives. Too many people permit the future to disturb efficiency in the present. I think this is the most adequate answer to the many who ask about my methods and attitudes. However, I am convinced the greatest asset in meeting the responsibilities of my work is the dominating fact that I love it. I love people; I love to travel; I love to read; I love competitive sports; I love the out-of-doors; I love dogs and little children; I love my friends; I love my relatives and my family.

I have had as many heartaches, disappointments and frustrations as anyone I know. I have experienced the glory of the mountaintop and I have wept in the valley of tears. But if one is in love with life and with one's work, it is possible to meet triumphantly every given experience and circumstance which comes into one's life. This is the very basis of creative happiness.

I have told the story in my new book, "Happiness Through Creative Living," and often when I think about my own life, which is a verification of my philosophy as expressed in my book, I wish deep down in my heart that everyone would be able to make it work in their life, too. I have no hesitancy and make no apology for suggesting that you may know someone perhaps whose life would be helped out of chaos and confusion into tranquility and achievement if they could read my book. It works. It is not theoretical or speculative. It is impregnated with the philosophy I have lived in my ministry in the church and in the work I love. I feel perfectly justified in my enthusiasm and certainty that it will work in every life.

* * *

There have been some unusually interesting engagements which I have had recently; not only because they took me to a somewhat unfamiliar part of the country but because I was able to meet people in their respective states who are making important contributions to the very thing so dear to my heart. I had no sooner arrived home than I was off to Wyoming. I had been in Wyoming twice before but this visit was unusually stimulating and interesting. I was invited to address the fall meeting of the Rocky Mountain Electrical Institute, which was held in the Jackson Lake Hotel in the Jackson Hole country at Moran, Wyoming. This is one of the most beautiful hotels I have ever seen anywhere in the world. Eastern capital spent nearly five millions of dollars in its construction. My room was the most luxurious, artistic and modern in which I have ever slept. I looked out from my win-

dow on the rugged peaks of the Teton Range of the Rockies—an awe-inspiring view.

I am convinced I could not live in the mountains. I thought that as I visited the Alps in Switzerland. The majesty and sublimity of mountains is almost too overpowering for daily association. I much prefer the more quiet and pastoral environment. But the occasional contact to me is intensified and brings an emotional response which I am quite convinced could not be maintained with constant association. In literature the philosophers have usually come from the mountains, but the poets from the sea. I never could grow tired of living by the sea or traveling upon the great waters, but I want to keep the mountains for the occasional visit.

I am not going to take any of my available space here, or your time, in attempting a description of the Jackson Lake Hotel or its environs. It would take one with a far greater mastery of descriptive power than I possess to create even a slight conception of the beauty of the Jackson Hole country and the nobility of the Teton Range.

In the evening, as the twilight was deepening into night, I stood in front of the hotel and looked out upon the lake and the adjacent swampy land and saw the mighty moose coming in to feed. The beaver were already beginning to be active in the dam they were building not more than 500 feet away from where I stood. On my way I saw many herds of the swift and graceful antelope.

I shall carry with me for a long time the fine reception which I had in the Rocky Mountain Electrical Institute, the beauty of the scenery, and the luxury of one of America's greatest hotels. I drove that afternoon 250 miles from Moran, Wyoming to Rock Springs, Wyoming, to get my train back to Chicago. Every step of the way I was grateful that the experience had been mine. Many years ago the railroads in this country had a motto, "See America First." I haven't seen the motto lately but I still believe in it. I am convinced after being fairly familiar with most of Europe that we have in our West scenery comparable, and it is pitiful that more people do not know America better.

* * *

Recently I had another opportunity of visiting the picturesque state of Colorado. I had been invited to speak at several conventions of realtors around the country. I think the invitations grew out of my addressing their national convention in Cleveland last spring. On this particular occasion I was there to address the 35th Annual Convention of the Colorado Association of Real Estate Boards.

Again the Convention I was attending was held in one of the most famous and beautiful hotels in the country—the Broadmoor Hotel, in Colorado Springs. I had been in the Broadmoor only once before and that was during the Governor's Conference some two or three years ago.

The Realtors were an unusual group of men, each of whom was active in promoting the welfare of the community in which he lived. Most of them were active in religious and educational circles and they constituted, I am sure, the best type of citizenship in the State.

The National Association of Real Estate Boards has raised continuously the requirements for membership, bringing a dignity to real estate activity which in many areas was already established. I met the National President, Mr. Henry G. Waltemade, of New York, and heard him give a remarkable address based on the real

estate situation in Europe which he had recently surveyed. It was the largest convention in the history of the Association, with more than 600 members present.

Calling on me in the afternoon was Mr. Ernie Borgman, a resident of Colorado Springs, whose father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Borgman, of 5056 N. California Avenue, Chicago, used to bring him to our church when he was a young man. That was some years ago. He took me to visit the Will Rogers Memorial erected on Cheyenne Mountain. It was a thrilling drive to the summit over the shelf road, and a breath-taking view from the top of the memorial. The memorial is lined with a photographic record of the life and tragedy of Will Rogers. On my return I called Mrs. Borgman and she was delighted to know that I had had the opportunity of seeing so much of Colorado Springs and its mountain environments.

I was very much impressed with the seriousness of the program presented at the convention. Realtors have brought their activity to a professional status which cannot help but work to the advantage of those who are trying to secure homes, the stability of which is the foundation of everything. The people I met, the spirit of the occasion, the ideals of the association, are all evidences of the basic integrity and necessity of the organization.

* * *

Recently for the second time I was invited to address the Churchmen's Dinner meeting in the First Methodist Church of Kewanee, Illinois. The event was sponsored by the Kewanee Council of Churches and the toastmaster of the evening was the Rev. Edward H. Busekros, pastor of St. Peter's Evangelical Church. Mr. Roy Schueneman, an active layman, was responsible for my invitation. The Churchmen's dinner is composed of all the laymen in all of the member churches of the Kewanee Council.

Represented at the dinner was every theological opinion and most of the major Protestant denominations. It was an inspiring event for me because it represented a superior denominational loyalty. The roll was called and each of the member churches and the delegations from those churches were asked to stand. Seated at the speaker's table with me was the minister of the Afro Methodist Episcopal Church of Kewanee. The Lutheran Churches were represented.

I used the occasion as the opportunity of presenting my idea, not for one church—an impossible thing—but for each in their own church to unite themselves with the people of other faiths and creeds in expressing the simple truth as spoken by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount and in his parables. I held to my traditional position that no creed was sufficiently inclusive to contain all of religious truth; that God is not the property of any particular creed and that no creed was ever written which could express the whole personality of the Divine.

I assume there were perhaps some who did not go along with me in these ideas, but the reception which I received at the conclusion of the address and the kindly words of encouragement and appreciation spoken to me later convinces me that the laymen of the churches are thinking in terms of the larger fellowship, and in some instances are ahead of the ministers in their willingness to co-operate and unify.

I concluded my address by saying that I was convinced that every person ought to attend that church—whatever it might be—that answers his own spiritual hunger and satisfies his spiritual need. How there can be any dis-

(*Continued on page* 12)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

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EDITORIAL

WHILE Christmas Day itself commemorates the finest gift of God to earth, the giving of gifts and the hanging of stockings was instituted by St. Nicholas who originally, as he appeared in Europe, was supposed to come on horseback, a rather elderly man with a long, white beard, and to bring gifts for good children and switches for bad. St. Nicholas Day was always observed on December 6th. When the Dutch came to America, they brought with them St. Nicholas, who became their patron saint of the holidays. It has been pointed out that probably the practical people concluded that two days of giving presents in one month was too much, and so they merged the day of St. Nicholas with Christmas Day.

Associated with the day itself is always the Christmas dinner, and that, too, has been modified and changed down through the centuries. However, everything connected with the dinner, which is so much a part of the tradition, has an interesting background and an interesting development. Even with all of the traditional feasting of Christmas Day, our tables are not as heavily laden as they were in olden time.

Turkey was introduced into England in the year 1520, and gradually became a substitute for the traditional boar's head, which was decorated with rosemary and laurel, and also took the place of the quite commonly used roasted peacock. Mince pie was universally used in the 16th century as a symbol of the riches which were brought to the Christ Child by the Three Wise Men. It was filled with rich spices and products brought from the East. Formerly called a shredded pie, the word was finally changed to minced, and now, in the vernacular, it is "mince" pie. The crust at first was baked in the form of a manger, which of course followed out the symbol of the gifts brought to the Christ Child in the manger. Later on the crust was latticed, so as to represent the hayrack of the stable where Christ was born. Probably no one who is so fortunate as to have mince pie will remember the symbol for which it stands, but understanding and knowing about all of these things only deepens our appreciation of the day itself—a day around which cluster life's noblest and loveliest sentiments.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

In the Peoples Church of Chicago
941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday, December 4, Dr. Bradley's subject:
"A Great Christ and Little Churches" ..... 11:00 a.m.
Evening subject to be announced ..... 7:00 p.m.

Monday, December 5, American Citizenship and Civil Defense Depts. Mrs. A. S. Kredler and Mrs. Evelyn Geldzahler, Co-Chairmen, presenting Evelyn Christensen in a Book Review of "Forty Odd." Hostesses: Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison and Mrs. John Powell ..... 1:00 p.m.

Friday, December 9, in Anderson Hall—the Sunday School will hold a Family Dinner Night ..... 6:00 p.m.

Sunday, December 11, Dr. Bradley's subject:
"Some Things That Money Cannot Buy" ..... 11:00 a.m.
Evening subject to be announced ..... 7:00 p.m.

Tuesday, December 13, in Anderson Hall Professional and Business Woman's Club, Presenting Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, who will show colored slides of her recent Bermuda Cruise on the "Tradewind," and a few views of Dr. Bradley's Black Duck Island in Lake Vermilion. Christmas Carols will be sung. Refreshments. The Public is invited. Admission by a 50¢ toy or other gift for a child in the Lydia Children's Home, Mrs. Virginia Lovell, Program Chairman 8:00 p.m.

Friday, December 16, Sunday School Christmas Party ..... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, December 18, Dr. Bradley's subject:
"O, World! Accept Christmas!" ..... 11:00 a.m.
Candle Light Service, Church Auditorium ..... 7:00 p.m.

Monday, December 19—Woman's Club, American Home Dept., Christmas Party. Mrs. Charles Roberts, Chairman, Mrs. Phillip Ferrigno, Co-Chairman. Presenting Mr. William Bromfield in "One Man Theatre," giving "Tea House of the August Moon." Hostesses: Mrs. Carl Marrinello, Mrs. Carl Storbeck, Mrs. Henry Scholte, Mrs. Walter Springer .. 1:00 p.m.

Saturday, December 24, Christmas Eve Service:
"A Song and a Night" ..... 11 p.m. to 12 midnight

Sunday, December 25, Dr. Bradley's subject:
"The Star You Follow" ..... 11:00 a.m.

Saturday, December 31, Watch Night Service:
"An Old Man Speaks to a Baby" ..... 11 p.m. to 12 midnight

Sunday, January 1, "Let's Begin Again" ..... 11:00 a.m.

"DO WE NEED ANOTHER REFORMATION?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, October 30, 1955

FOUR hundred and twenty-five years ago tomorrow — nearly five hundred years ago, tomorrow—on All Saints Eve, Martin Luther nailed on the Castle church door in Wittenberg, Germany, 95 expressions of disapproval of the church of which he was a priest. Those 95 manifestations of intellectual courage and of moral stamina on the part of Martin Luther have influenced all subsequent theology and all subsequent ecclesiastical history.

On this Sunday the whole Protestant world is giving emphasis to the results, as they interpret them, of that great moment. It was not the beginning of the historical Reformation, for other personalities had preceded Luther in laying the foundation of the spirit of the Reformation; but preceding this was an historical episode of as great significance to the cultural and educational world as the action of Luther was to the religious and theological world—the great epic of history known as the Renaissance.

The Renaissance preceded the Reformation, and the Renaissance was the reformation of the European intellect. And in the centuries in which the mind of man had been held in the bondage and slavery of ignorance and illiteracy; when the scientists, and science, were repudiated, and any advance in the world of intellectuality which seemed to dispute the sovereignty of the supernatural was held a prisoner, we had those tragic ages called the Dark Ages, which were dark because the mind of man was imprisoned. Any age is a Dark Age that attempts to stifle the thinking of man. Any church or any religion needs a Reformation that seeks to circumscribe with limitation the intellectual assault of man upon the mystery of the universe or the identity and reality of God. There is no more despicable power in the world than the power that seeks to control the mind and the heart of man. No matter whether you call it a church or a creed or a theology or whatever you call it, it belongs in the category of resistance and retrogression.

The Renaissance was the reformation of the European intellect, and the intellect of man was released, so that without fear it could continue the necessary investigation and evaluation, which does not make a smaller God but creates a larger God. No microscope yet was ever an enemy of religious truth; no telescope was ever the enemy of religious truth; no laboratory was ever truly in conflict with the theological rostrum. Wherever truth is investigated and wherever truth is revealed and wherever truth is discovered, there is the handmaiden of true religion. There *is* no religion higher than truth—there *can* be no religion higher than truth! Truth is the ultimate expression of man's persistency to find affinity with the universe of which he is a part. And this quest of the intellect of man to continue his study and his hope and his thought unrestricted by creed or ecclesiasticism, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, is one of the ear-

marks of religious progress. No institution, no church, no creed, no dogma has even been able to stifle the questing spirit of man. And when any church, no matter what its designation, no matter what its place or its historic position, seeks to set a limitation over the mind of man, that church is fundamentally antagonistic to religion at its highest and at its best. Therefore, when we study the principles of the Renaissance we find it the prelude to the Reformation, and the Reformation was nothing more or less than the renaissance of European morality. Just as the Renaissance was the reformation of the European intellect, so the Reformation was the renaissance of European morality. And man recaptured the capacity to think fearlessly for himself and to face the future unafraid, knowing that truth was never the enemy of his religion, that superstition and fear are never the earmarks of religious reality, and the great struggle of the ages of man to be free started.

Now when I ask the question this morning DO WE NEED ANOTHER REFORMATION, my answer is immediately and strongly and firmly YES! For we find ourselves today in the same category, throughout much of the religious world, that the religious world possessed five hundred years ago! When any ecclesiastical institution which grows out of the transforming beauty of freedom will, itself, become guilty of assuming the technique which it sought, through reformation, to completely destroy, then there is need for another Reformation! And many of the ecclesiastical institutions today in the world of Christendom, are guilty, equally guilty, of the same attitude toward truth that inspired the Reformation five hundred years ago. For any church that closes the door, or announces through a creed that here is all the truth there is, that unless you conform to what we think theologically you are wrong and doomed and damned, is in need of a Reformation. You can call it Roman Catholicism or you can call it Lutheranism or you can call it Unitarianism or you can call it any other kind of "ism" you please, but when any ecclesiastical body seeks to limit the mind of man and write a creed or a dogma and present it to the world and say: "This is all there is to religious truth, there is no more, and unless you conform to what we believe you are lost and doomed and damned," when the world of Christendom reaches the point where it attempts to express finality of truth and of Christian beauty in the terms of a man-made creed—for all of the creeds were written by men, and the great creeds of the church everywhere were creeds that were the creation of their age and of their mentality —then that church is in need of a reformation. The great Apostles Creed, which is recited by the millions in Christendom today, no Apostle ever saw; no Apostle ever heard of it; no Apostle ever wrote it! And these creeds —the Nicene Creed, the Creed of Athanasius, the Apostles Creed—and all the creeds of Christendom today, are the products of man's effort to state theologically the conception of final truth in religion.

The greatest truth of Protestanism is not in its antagonism to Roman Catholicism or in the bickering of people between creeds and churches and religions. The greatest religion in the world is the religion to be free. Freedom was the very spirit of Christ; freedom was the very essence of the Christian gospel; freedom was the very basic and fundamental concept of the mentality and spiritual beauty of the Master himself. And anyone who seeks to limit *that* cannot, by any classifica-

tion, be accepted as the final authority in religion.

I believe that we have not yet even crossed the threshold of the full revelation of religious truth.

I believe there will be new religious leaders come to every culture of the world, of every race and every country.

I believe that there will be an increase of man's conception of his relationship to God that will startle all the creeds and startle all the churches.

I believe in the new Reformation.

In that Reformation, so long ago, there was a man of courage, a man of intellectual candor, a man of moral heroism who stood fearlessly and in great danger—for one who stands opposed to the "status quo" is always in great danger. It is easier and it is safer to think with the crowd; it is easier and more respectable to go with the multitude; it is easier to follow the line of least resistance; it is easier to have the acclaim of society; but he is great who dares face the challenge of solitude and loneliness but be on good terms with his own conscience. The greatest statement that Martin Luther ever made—greater than any contribution which he has made to the subsequent religious thinking of the world—the greatest thing that Martin Luther ever said on this Reformation Sunday was when he stood, almost alone, and faced every power against him and standing there quietly he said: "Here I stand! I can do nothing else!"

That is the Reformation we need today. We need a Reformation everywhere in the realm of individual and heroic, intellectual and spiritual, courage. Let us experience in our hearts and minds that kind of a Reformation and I guarantee that we will remake the world in another ten years. Let the tyranny everywhere cease; the tyranny of ecclesiastical limitation, the tragedy of what is taking place in Wisconsin today when, in this century —the last half of the Twentieth Century—we can observe in the *name* of the Reformation spirit, the trying of young men in the pulpit for heresy who have the courage to think for themselves, who have the courage to stand up and say: "Here I stand! I can do no other!"

On this Reformation day I welcome the spirit of Martin Luther; I welcome the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi. You are not most Protestant when you are most anti-Catholic; you are best Christian when you see the values of both, and with intellectual and spiritual heroism stand up, even if you stand alone! That day of the new Reformation is about to dawn. People are growing tired of the tyranny of quasi educated spiritual leaders who are afraid of science, afraid of the fundamental processes of reason and who are so fearful for their theology that they would defend it with the instrument of ignorance. That day is passing—thank God!

ALONG THE WAY

(*Continued from page 7*)

agreement from this attitude I do not understand.

I was happy to meet there the Rev. Charles S. Hoskinson, who was formerly pastor of the Warren Avenue Congregational Church here in Chicago. While he was in Chicago I preached for him twice a year for many years. He later became associated with the First Congregational Church of Oak Park, going from there to Honolulu; and then accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Kewanee, where he has a beautiful new

church, a thriving congregation and has become a tremendous influence in the city. I was happy to renew an old friendship and to see how he was progressing in his effective ministry.

I wish there could be more Council dinners such as they hold annually in Kewanee. I think it would be a good influence in helping to bridge the chasm that one finds frequently between churches. It was like a great family gathering. I am quite sure that the effect of such a meeting on the non-church people of Kewanee could not help but be inspiring. When Christians fight each other instead of worshiping together, those who criticize the church have much fuel presented to them.

* * *

By the time you will be reading these words, the whole of Christendom will be beginning to feel the impact of the Christmas spirit. I have seen many Christmases come and go. This will be my 44th Christmas with our church. I never remember one where we did not emphasize how we might keep the Christmas spirit longer than we do.

Before Christmas there is an entirely different mood everywhere. It is felt in every area of life: In the courts justice is tempered with mercy; we are more forgiving and more kind. There settles down upon us the vision of what we might be, and of how much more beautiful it is to be kind. Then something seems to happen when the fervor of the holiday season is past. The old world settles down to pretty much the same old technique. Yet we could make Christmas last if we really tried; and my hope and prayer is that you and I, our church, our country, and the people of every country where the birth of the Bethlehem Babe is made a festival, might project the good will and peace for which He stood into the months and years ahead. Making the spirit of Christmas last is as important as observing Christmas.

The true Christmas spirit is Christmas living—not for one day on the calendar but for all days. As we stand around the cradle, bringing our gifts, singing our songs in the spirit of adoration, may we find the way by which we can retain the glory of the moment until it becomes a reality of the year.

* * *

In my concluding sentences I take this opportunity of extending to you, my reader, the deepest wish of my inmost heart, that you and all who know you and love you and all those you know and love, will have a Christmas of unprecedented happiness, enduring peace and permanent joy. I am grateful for all you have done to help me through the year, and may that peace which this world cannot convey, neither can it destroy, be and abide in your heart always; and may your New Year be bright.

BOOK CHATS

WHEN a little book is one of a family of about 4,000 it can easily be overlooked and forgotten, just as one small tree may be lost in a forest of trees. You see the Study and the hall, both solidly lined with bookshelves, were being redecorated. The books all had to come

off the shelves and be put back again, and many little forgotten volumes came to light. So it was, we found again "The Little Mixer," by Lillian Nicholson Shearon, published way back in 1922 by The Bobbs-Merrill Company—a most delightful little story for grown-ups.

The story opens with these words: "There was no fault to be found with the present itself; the trouble lay in the method of transportation. This thought was definite enough in Hannah's mind, but she had to rely upon a seven-year-old vocabulary for expression, and grown-ups are notably dull of comprehension. Even mothers don't always understand without being told exactly in so many words.

"'I didn't say the kimono wasn't nice, Mama,' explained Hannah, 'and 'course Cousin Carrie was awful good to send it to me, but—but Santy Claus is going to bring Virginia one tomorrow night, *down the chimbley!*'"

Rose Joseph, the mother, slipped the little kimono (now it would be called a house-coat) onto her daughter, stood the child in front of a long mirror, that she might admire the gift, but the child, though beautiful as a little flower, was too young to have awakened to vanity, and her body sagged with disappointment. So when Mother assured her that Virginia's couldn't be any nicer than this one, out came the phrase again, "But, Mama, Santy Claus is going to bring hers down the chimbley." Then in a mournful key, "Mine came *through the door!*"

The story is beautifully human, with three little girl playmates wrestling with the complications of three different religions: Roman Catholic, Christian Science and Judaism. They loved each other and were trying to surmount the difficulties involved which were preventing Santa Claus from remembering Hannah Joseph. Nellie, the Catholic youngster, being Irish, found her nimble wit of great advantage. Nellie was pretty sure that Santa Claus was coming to her house, for she had prayed on her lovely amethyst rosary beads every day for over a month. She had felt the urgent necessity of this because of a sad happening to the doll Santa had brought her the Christmas before. In playing Indians with her brother one day, she had chopped the doll's head off and her mother wasn't at all sure that Santa could forget that misdemeanor.

Hannah Joseph was intrigued with the sparkling beads, and the aid she might gain by praying on them, but she had no beads. Also, Nellie assured her it wouldn't do her any good anyway, she not being a Catholic.

The denouement was finally overcome by Nellie deciding that in an emergency any Catholic could baptize anybody. So, though they couldn't get a Priest to baptize Hannah, she could do it herself. She first had to capture a bottle of holy water from Grandma's room when that lady was having a nap.

Virginia was the godmother. Nellie put on her brother's long black coat, held a story book from which she recited "Little boy blue," poured a little of the holy water on Hannah's forehead (wet hair might occasion unanswerable questions) and baptized her "Hannah Agnes Ignatius Joseph." The godmother being a Christian Scientist, when called upon for a response, recited the Scientific Statement of Being as found in the Christian Science Textbook, and Hannah was pronounced a Gentile and a Catholic.

Hannah ran to her Mother, asking permission to trade her striped ball for some beads. "Why, of course, darling, if you wish."

The exchange having been made, some time was spent mastering the use of the rosary. All three children knew "Our Father," though there was some difference of opinion about "debts" and "trespasses." The "Hail Mary" proved a bit difficult for Hannah, and she finally abandoned it. "I'll say 'Hear, oh Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One,' she said. I already know that, and a prayer is a prayer, isn't it?"

All this was done in deep earnestness and a spirit of love, to help someone they loved out of great trouble.

The night before Christmas, Mr. Jackson, the Christian Science practitioner, dropped by to leave a doll for little Hannah.

"Oh, but that is kind of you," said Mrs. Joseph.

"I had intended to give it to her myself," Mr. Jackson continued, "but after her talk with me today I decided she would enjoy it more if I asked Santa Claus to bring it." His eyes twinkled reminiscently. "She called me up by telephone and asked me to give Santa Claus a treatment—she seemed to think that he would pass her by. I could assure her that he wouldn't, as I had already seen the doll my wife was dressing for her. Hannah is a wonderful child."

"We think so," smiled Eli. "I am sure we thank you, and wish you the very merriest Christmas."

"It will be a *happy* Christmas for me. I am going to the station to meet my father and mother. Some years ago they felt estranged from me—they are both staunch Presbyterians of the old school and it nearly broke their hearts when I went into Christian Science work. But they are beginning to look more tolerantly on my calling, and they are on their way now to spend Christmas with us. You can guess how happy that makes me. 'Peace on earth, good will to men'—it is a wonder-working thought."

When the door had closed upon the visitor, Rose said, "Is there no end to the fight between the old and the new generation?" "We are just beginning the scrap with *our* new generation," Eli said. "She called him up and asked for Christian Science help! I wonder what else that little monkey has been up to?"

They soon found out: Carrying the doll Mr. Jackson had brought they both tiptoed into the bedroom where Hannah was sleeping. "The first object to meet their eyes was Hannah's stocking, pinned precariously to the mantel. Pinned to the wall were several messages, neatly printed in pencil, which told their own tale:

"Deer Santy—Nellie baptized me. Holy wotter. Hannah.

"Deer Santy—I want things in my stockin. Hannah.

"Deer Santy Claws—Ime a jentile. Nellie babtize me. Ime a jentile catholic C.S.

"Deer Santy—Bring me any nice things you got left. With love. Hannah.

"Deer Santy—Dont let my Mama and my Papa get mad bout you. Hannah."

"Eli began to chortle, and Hannah stirred in her sleep, throwing both arms over her head. Clutched tightly in her left hand they saw a rosary of amethyst colored beads . . .

"The dog-gone little mixer!" he chuckled. "A Gentile Catholic Christian Scientist is she? And if she ever happened to hear anything about Mahomet, believe me, she's sleeping with her feet toward Mecca right now!"

"Rose was weeping silently over the little message: 'Dont let my Mama and my Papa get mad bout you.' She touched her husband on the shoulder, 'Eli, what shall we do about it?'

"Do?" He stood up and set his jaw determinedly. "You spoke just now of the fight between the old and the new generations: do you see what we are coming to if we don't concede our child her legitimate rights? She will seek them out, and take them by force, and never forgive us for withholding them, that's what! Every child who has ever heard of Santa Claus has a right to enjoy the myth. Didn't I give a hundred dollars to the Elks, and a hundred dollars to the Big Brothers who are looking after the empty stockings of the poor children, while my own baby—"

Right then and there Eli Joseph rushed downtown—

It seemed that Santa Claus, never having visited Hannah before, had a mind to make up for lost time. An overflowing stocking hung from the mantel; a tree loaded with presents and tinsel stood by her bed; about the room were placed large gifts, everything a little girl might wish for. Hannah was dazed. She didn't see her mother and father standing in the doorway of the nursery, their arms about each other, and smiling. She tugged at her window until it opened and then called to Nellie across the intervening space.

"He came! He came!" . . . Brushing past her mother and father she dashed across the hall and called the same message to Virginia.

"Then she came back into the nursery, still oblivious of Mother and Father, and stared about her in ecstasy. The occasion called for some expression of thanksgiving — what could it be? A seven-year-old child hasn't words for such a big emotion. She could think of but one thing to do.

"Reverently bowing her little bronze head, she made the sign of the cross—upside down!"

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

MY remarks in the October Mail Bag about babushkas at least started some reaction. Many of the gentler sex have spoken to me in person about the article, expressing their high approval of my sentiments. Then came a response by mail from Ruth Nixdorf, of Waukesha, Wisconsin, saying: "I thoroughly enjoyed the article in The Liberalist's Radio Mail Bag regarding babushkas. Am of the same opinion regarding them—also slacks and pin curls." Next came word from St. Louis, Mo., in a letter from the sterner sex, signed "Anonymous," but from the stationery I was able to discover it was from my own brother, who lives there. He says:

"Your article in the September number in re Babushkas was just the spark needed to kindle a smouldering fire of revolt in a long suffering male.

"As a great admirer of femininity for many years, topped with beautiful coiffures and swanky hats, I have been thrown into a slough of despondency by pretty girls wearing rags on their

heads, especially when tied at the point of the chin. Phooey!

"I have been prompted to give vent to my feelings by an outpouring of the soul in the following tirade against Babushkas. (I quote only the last verse.)

If you would a good impression make,
And become a girl with charm,
Why don't you, for goodness sake,
Leave babushkas on the farm?"

That is probably enough of that. Except for the admonition: "If tempted to give a babushka for Christmas, why not change your mind and get a better idea!"

* * *

We have so many excellent letters in the Mail Bag, let us review them right away:

From the Executive Vice-President of The Colorado Association of Real Estate Boards, Denver, Colorado, came the following letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I feel completely inadequate in trying to express our most sincere appreciation to you for that wonderful, inspiring address to keynote the 35th Annual C. A. R. E. B. Convention.

I am sure, however, that you know how all our Colorado Realtor Family appreciate having you as our keynote speaker by the rising of our group for a standing applause when you had concluded your fine address. This was an unusually fine expression and was from the heart.

We feel honored to have had you with us, even so briefly, and we extend a cordial hand of welcome to you to return again and again.

Sincerely,

Phil E. Berg

* * *

Several letters came in and many personal comments were made in gratitude for Dr. Bradley's sermon on Reformation Sunday, given elsewhere in this number, among them the following: "Bravo! Dr. Bradley. I can say no other after your program this morning!" Sincerely, Helene Washer. And from Ursula Brunner,

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Sure hope you print yesterday's sermon in the Liberalist.

Your sermon was educational, historical and informative. We need to have it printed. I told my husband, I think Lutherans avoid Martin Luther. I have never gotten one bit of information on Luther by a Lutheran. Amazes me! I go to the Library for my knowledge. Enclosed is a contribution for the mortgage.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I would like to thank you indeed for your excellent sermon of this morning on the need of a new Reformation. Oh, how true your words are! And the courage to which you so often referred you indeed possess, for these bold and true words invite nothing but contempt from those who wish to stifle religious liberalism. For me this sermon meant a rejuvenation and re-confirmation of my liberalism, and more so, a new source of courage for my intellectual non-conformity. May God continue to bless you and keep you. My gratitude cannot be put into words, but I thank you very much and remain

Most sincerely yours,

William R. Svec.

* * *

Dr. Bradley received the following letter from one of the students who was taking a summer course at the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland, this summer. It is difficult for the student to write in English

as you will see, but he writes a fine letter:

Bremen, Germany,
Oct. 23, 1955

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you so much for your kind postcard you wrote to me from Colorado Springs where you was lecturing. Indeed, the mountains shown on this card reminds to our wonderful vacation in Churwalden. Really it is a novelty for me that there are such beautiful landscapes in the United States. It is one of my greatest desires to visit the States for a year or two in order to learn the American people and the American landscape and to complete my knowledges of English language.

Please inform me about the possibilities of living cheaply for a young student in the States. Are there colleges or other institutions?

I never forget these wonderful holidays this year I had in Switzerland. I will tell you how I came to the conclusion of going to the Albert Schweitzer College. One day in February of this year I read in our Bremen newspaper an advertisement which invited young people of coming to the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland. Because I am a great bookworm, you understand what I mean, I did read very much from Albert Schweitzer and about himself. I am very interested in philosophy. I read some about Nietsche, Hegel, Kant, etc. Only it is a disagreeable fact in Germany that just such books are very expensive.

Finally I will not forget to thank you for the Liberalist you dispatched to me some days ago. I am confident that this church paper is the best one I ever read. Oh, dear Dr. Bradley, you don't believe how I like the Liberalist. I am still a young person (I am 20 years old) but I think I already can pronounce that the Liberalist is the best. On this subject "Along the Way" written by yourself is very interesting and the sermon also by you, too.

You know Mrs. Dora V. Georgie? I am writing letters with her. She lives in Hamburg. Not far from Bremen. She is telling to me much about the Peoples Church in Chicago where are you having the pastorate.

Now I will write you somewhat about my everyday life here in Bremen. I am an employe in an import and export firm. Our firm disposes of many relations with all of the countries of the world. Especially with East Asia, South America and with an New York firm, too. It is very interesting for me to work in such a firm. Later on it is my decision perhaps to study, if it will be possible for me to make now much money, thus enabling myself to realize this intention. At first I would study theology. However, now I don't know what I shall do!

I have to apologize for my bad English. But I hope it will be decipherable for you.

I would highly appreciate if you would write me in the due course of time, and remain with kindest regards and best wishes,

Your Herbert (Herman Poetschke)
P. S. Attached I am sending you a picture of myself taken this summer in Churwalden. I am playing just tennis as you will see.

* * *

New Carlisle, Ind.

Dear Rev. Bradley:

We enjoyed visiting your church and meeting you personally Sunday, Oct. 23rd. At home on Sunday, Oct. 30th, we listened to your sermon and enjoyed every minute of your broadcast.

You asked that everyone listening should write to someone who had helped in any way to make our lives

brighter and happier—so YOU are one of those wonderful friends.

Mere words cannot express our gratitude adequately enough for the courage you have given us in your weekly sermons; also for your monthly booklet The Liberalist, which contains so much of knowledge for us to learn. May God bring you many blessings for all the good you do for others.

Fraternally yours,
Florence E. and Charles E. Bates

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I just wanted to thank you for the presentation of your fine book "Happiness Through Creative Living," to Lynn and I. We have thoroughly enjoyed reading this timely, helpful and informative work, and appreciated the common-sense approach that you use. We especially enjoyed the chapters on "marriage" and "love."

Both Lynn and I certainly hope to see you again in the near future, and wish you all the luck in the world in spreading your doctrine of "creative living."

Very truly yours,
James C. Totten,
Public Relations Director
Kalamazoo Chamber of Commerce.

* * *

From Mr. Thomas Gaines, famous lecturer on health, Dr. Bradley received the following letter:

Dear Great Soul:

Again I want to congratulate you on your powerful, inspiring sermon last Sunday (Oct. 30). I am giving my closing free lecture next Sunday at Hotel Hamilton, so I shall have the privilege of worshipping with you again next Sunday.

Rest assured I shall always affirm the best that life holds for you as you are truly deserving of life's best.

Lifelong health and happy service-filled days always. Tom Gaines.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We thought last year's dinner could not be improved upon, but according to all reports this year's dinner was just as good if not a little better. I feel, Dr. Bradley, that a great deal of credit for the success of our dinners is due to your interest and help to our cause of helping those who suffer from Hemophilia.

Even the doctors at the dinner have called to tell me how much they enjoyed it and how you sent them away feeling actually inspired. Coming from medical people we take this as high praise indeed.

The interest you were able to instill in Mr. Morris B. Sachs will continue to help us I feel sure for many years to come. His sincerity in offering his help to our group is believable when you know of his many kindnesses throughout the years.

Thank you again, Dr. Bradley, for all the assistance you have given us, and believe me, we do appreciate it.

Sincerely yours,
Cliffod T. Lyon, President,
Midwest Chapter of the
Hemophilia Foundation.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is just a personal note of my own volition to indicate to you how much our group, and in this case, how much I personally appreciated your presence and message Saturday night.

It was a delightful experience for me to have the honor of presenting you, and there is no point in attempting to express the amount of good that you have been able to accomplish for the cause of the Midwest Chapter of the National Hemophilia Foundation.

We thrilled to your message of Hope. Many who were with us that night from out of town have gone away inspired.

Again, thanks personally, and also

on behalf of all the members and sufferers of our group.

Sincerely yours,
John M. O'Brien, O. D.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I wish to congratulate you upon your message and the powerful delivery of same yesterday, Oct. 30, 1955. You were *right* on the beam piercing the mental fog which is settling down everywhere.

Your Sunday morning deliveries to the members and radio friends of the Peoples Church are like a beacon light pointing the way in a befuddled world. Certainly the "Badge of Courage" belongs to you. More power to you!

Respectfully,
Edward F. Lueben, Naperville, Ill.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you sincerely, Dr. Bradley, for making it possible to have our concert in your beautiful church. And thanks too, for your fine spirit of co-operation—your words of welcome did make everyone feel "at home." I think it was a grand evening, even from the standpoint of financial returns. Without your co-operation it would not have been possible to give that $500 scholarship to our student in the field of writing. This will be done on our fifth birthday—November 17, and in honor of our Founder, Mrs. Benjamin J. Buckingham.

Again, sincere thanks and best wishes from every member of our club.

Gratefully,
(Mrs.) Shirley M. Schaefer, President,
Women's Literary Club of Chicago

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

On your TV program this morning you made a statement with which I beg to disagree. You said "I am not a salesman." My dear friend, how very wrong you are. True, you do not sell merchandise, automobiles, real estate or a pound of sugar, but you are selling the greatest of all human commodities —service to humanity.

Bear in mind, Dr. Bradley, that selling is a useful, constructive mission, and that good salesmanship is an honorable profession. You can well be proud of the sales you have made, and will continue to make, until God takes away your franchise. Endowed with personality, perseverance and a genuine desire to carry the torch that lights the road to a better life, here and hereafter, you are not only a salesman, but you can well be called a super-salesman—a salesman's salesman.

God bless you and yours—and, good selling, my friend.

Truly yours,
Bert W. Fultz, Sr.,
The Original "Ole Man" Shoes

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Herewith a small donation. Am traveling about quite a bit, but always read every word in your Liberalist, and what a treat!

Your morning's sermon had so much spiritual value that I would like to read it to a few of my friends. Will it be published?

With best wishes, from Streator, Illinois.

Sincerely yours,
William D. Johnson

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

When we go to Chicago we usually go on Saturday so that we can attend your Sunday morning service. Certainly it is a source of great inspiration. We always enjoy the Litany and especially did we enjoy it Oct. 23rd. Your sermons are so helpful always. I must not leave out the beautiful duet. I can hear those two lovely voices yet.

We happened to be in Chicago when your latest book was put on sale and I

enjoyed hearing you at the Fair Store. I bought four books.

My blessed (and I mean blessed), good husband had a slight heart attack last year and sometimes gets an attack of weakness and had such an attack on Oct. 23rd, while attending your beautiful church. He was disappointed not to be able to go up and speak to you for he always enjoys the service so very much. He said "Dr. Bradley is such a spiritual character."

At the end of the service I asked a lady where I could get a glass of water. She immediately turned right around, went down in the basement and brought me a glass of water, and went outside with me, where my husband was, and stayed with us and gave us a big lift. Certainly a very gracious, kind and pretty person. I neglected to get her name, but I think she said she had had charge of a concert the week before. We appreciated the courtesy *so much*, I would like to thank her.

You are a great American, Dr. Bradley. You live a strenuous life in that rushing and big city of Chicago. Be careful.

I get a thrill out of going to Chicago. Then when we returned home and our yard was all dressed up in those beautiful fall colors, and our home looked so pleasant and restful and cheerful, we knew the country is the place for us.

We are great admirers of you for years, Dr. Bradley. We enjoy and always look forward to receiving The Liberalist—never destroy one.

The one quotation from your sermon which I will never forget was: "When I awake in the morning, I think "This will be a good day; I shall meet many fine people, and I will do my best." I love that.

Be kind to your good health.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Gildner,

Waterloo, Iowa

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I listened to you for many years while I lived in Chicago. We now live in Michigan on Lake Cora in the summer, and spend our winters in St. Petersburg, Florida. We tune in each Sunday after you return to your pulpit in the fall until we leave for the south.

I heard you tell about your recent visit to the bedside of our dear friend, May Ferguson. I grew up in this little town and as a child I used to visit May after school. She was as fair as a lily, and while she lay in her bed her hands were always busy. For many years she supported herself and her mother with her beautiful needlework. And all these years she has never complained of her lot. And how she has loved her many friends. Now only a few of her old friends do remain, and how she does cling to us few.

I heard you read a letter from her last Sunday. It is remarkable how clear her mind remains. I receive a letter from her nearly every week. I pray each day she may slip away before she is in total darkness. I have furnished her gowns for many years, and she is so grateful for every little kindness shown her.

A few years ago I met you at the Arche Club and you had recently been to see her.

I fear she cannot last much longer and how I will miss her! But the memory of her beautiful life will always linger on.

I am enclosing a small contribution for your church work.

May God give you health and strength to carry on your good work for many years to come.

Sincerely yours,

Lulu F. Finch,

Paw Paw, Michigan

* * *

KEEP ON THE BEAM

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER

1 —Two weddings
2 —TV Address. WBKB. Channel 7.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
Sermon. Granville Avenue Methodist Church.
4 —Funeral
Attended Rummage Sale, Peoples Church.
Address. Ad. Men's Post, American Legion, for disabled veterans. Nielsen's Restaurant.
5 —Sick calls.
6 —Address. Colorado Real Estate Men's Convention. Broadmoor Hotel. Colorado Springs.
Address. I.W.L.A. dinner.
8 —Address. Moline Woman's Club, Oriental Consistory Auditorium, Moline, Ill.
9 —TV Address. WBKB. Channel 7.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
Address. National Grandmother's Club. Conrad Hilton Hotel.
10—Attended installation of new Dean of Federated Theological Schools of U. of C.-Dean Brauer, representing Alma College. Attended Banquet to Dean Brauer.
11—Address. Annual Meeting Kewanee Council of Churches, First Methodist Church, Kewanee, Ill.
12—Address. Woman's Service Club. Covenant Methodist Church, Evanston.
Funeral.
Wedding.
13—Address. Award Meeting, Firemen and Policemen Awards. Council Chambers, City Hall.
Address. Oriole Park PTA, Oriole Park School.
14—Luncheon at Algauer's. Plastic Moulded Products Co.
Christening at Rainbow Springs Farm, Mukwonago, Wisconsin.
15—Three weddings.
16—TV Address. WBKB. Channel 7.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
17—Two Funerals.
Radio Interview. WCFL with Bob Elson, Pump Room, Ambassador East Hotel.
18—Address. Luncheon, Ladies of the Scottish Rite Cathedral.
Address. Fall Assembly, Illinois Assoc. Spiritualist Healers. Venetian Room, Morrison Hotel.
19—Address. Peoples Church. Pure Oil Glee Club Concert.
Address. Temple Isaiah Israel Brotherhood.
20—Lecture. Chicago Public Library.
Address. Niles Township High School PTA.
21—Meeting. Midland Authors Club. Old Heidelberg
Address. John Toman Branch 25th Anniversary of Toman Branch Forum.
22—Two Weddings.
Address. Midwest Hemophilia Assoc. Svithiod Club.
23—TV Address. WBKB. Channel 7.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
Sermon. Portage Park Chapel Methodist Church, South Bend, Indiana.
24—Funeral.
Awards Meeting. Chicago Business Men's Orchestra. Randall Cooper's State St. Council Office.
Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
25—Address. Annual Dinner. Grand Rapids Real Estate Board Constitution Day Awards to High School Students.
27—Address. Past Master's Night, A.F. & A.M., Masonic Temple, Muskegon, Mich.
28—Funeral
Wedding.
Sick call.
30—TV Address. WBKB. Channel 7.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
31—Wedding.

FUNERALS

4 —Miss Clara A. Meyer
12—Mrs. Ora Robertson
17—William M. Carsten
17—Paul Burnham
24—Mrs. Louise Weber
28—Dr. Adolph Christy Doe

WEDDINGS

1 —Dolores Ann Hess and Richard Colvin Triest
Mary Ellen Dillon and Frank Moczulewski
12—Darlyne Evon Bodine and Bryce R. Landis
15—Bernice Parlatore and Carrel Tuel
Maria McDermott and William Talmari
Ann Sachmer and George Kasper
22—Madeline Tribuani and George Belsan
Martha Argo and James Reed
28—June Connelly and Sol Handelman
31—Kathleen Fox Bohn and Nolan Kent Rhoades

CHRISTENINGS

2 —Terry Gifford Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Don Stewart
9 —George Bernard Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Smith
14—George Rutledge Wold, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rutledge Wold
29—Jacqueline Ann Vechiola, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Vechiola
30—Mark Bradley Cappetta, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cappetta

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education.....9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
Sunday Evening Service .....7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (From the first Wednesday in January until March 28) .....8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Monday, Dec. 5, American Citizenship and Civil Defense Depts. Mrs. A. S. Kredler and Mrs. Evelyn Geldzahler, co-chairmen, presenting Evelyn Christensen in a Book Review of "Forty Odd." Hostesses: Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison and Mrs. John Powell.....1:00 p.m.
Monday, Dec. 19—American Home Dept.—Christmas Party. Mrs. Charles Roberts, Chairman, Mrs. Phillip Ferrigno, Co-Chairman. Presenting Mr. William Bromfield in "One-Man Theatre," giving "Tea House of the August Moon." Hostesses: Mrs. Carl Marrinello, Mrs. Carl Storbeck, Mrs. Henry Scholte, Mrs. Walter Springer .....1:00 p.m.
Men's Club—No December meeting will be held.....
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, Dec. 13, Presenting Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, who will show colored slides of her recent Bermuda Cruise on the "Tradewind," and a few views of Dr. Bradley's Black Duck Island in Lake Vermilion. Christmas Carols will be sung. Refreshments. Public is invited. Admission by a 50c toy or other gift for a child in the Lydia Children's Home, 4300 W. Irving Park Blvd. Mrs. Virginia Lovell, Program Chairman .....8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*
Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Sundays, during Church Season, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday. New Members Welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.
Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

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